With a Merry-go-round in Greaserland

Turk O'Fallon's Adventures With the Mexican Army, the Commandante's Daughter, the Grating Colombian and a Chilean Competitor.

"The States for mine," observed Turk O'Fallon, mainly of New York and the Atlantic seaboard, but known of white men pretty well in Tokio, Tangier, Truxillo and other far corners to which the restless ones drift. "I've got a weakness for the trial by jury thing, habeas corpus, no confiscation, and such like. I like not the warm, glowing and lassitudinous lands of the Greaser."

Mr. O'Fallon was narrating his experiences of a few years ago while conducting a one mule power merry-go-round on the west coast of Mexico and in Central and South America.

"They climbed me all right," he said, "and I was glad to get back to San Francisco with what teeth I'd left there with. I started at Acapulco, Mexico, to take advantage of the autumn maneuvers there.

"I had it figured out that the Greaser soldiers would want to ride. Well, the sawed-off, barehoofed Greaser soldiers fell for the whizzer from the jump in platoons and battalions, and from the minute I gave the mule the first gee-up I had business.

"I didn't collect in advance, but had it rigged so that they'd have to produce to me as they passed out of the exit, a small gate. I was at the gate, ready for the nickels, when my first batch of military riders started out. But there wasn't a cough in them.

"They all shook their heads. There wasn't a skentavo in the layout. I was there some with the Greaser jabber, and I asked 'em what they'd meant by riding when they knew they didn't have the price.

"A five foot sergeant stepped forward and told me he thought the matter could be arranged. Pay day, he said, was a week off. I could take the names of my customers, debit them with all the rides they took on the merry-go-round, and on pay day collect the sum total in a bunch from the paymaster.

"Plausible boy, that sergeant. He gathered me in, all right. I started the system of bookkeeping then and there. When I'd finished putting the names down they concluded to go back and take another ride or so to celebrate our little credit pact.

"I rode 'em. During the next week I rode the whole Mexican army in Acapulco assembled, until I had a list of names about the size of the muster roll of the Rebellion, with tallies of the rides taken after each name.

"When pay day came around my bill against the soldiery of Mexico was about a hundred and a quarter American, and it looked pretty soft to me. Odd how a man can plug around the world for a quarter of a century or so and be such a yap at the end of it, isn't it?

"I gave the mule a morning off and shut down the plant and went over to the office of the paymaster on pay day forenoon. He was a young fellow of about nineteen, with about seventeen pounds of gold lace on his tunic, and he was there with the haughty junk from the minute that I stepped into his room.

"I had a little account against the men of the com mand, I told him, and started in to uncoil my list, which looked like a petition signed by the population of two or three towns.

"The haughty paymaster boy recommended me to be on my way and not to linger any. This caused me to get some lumpy. I told him I was there for duff that belonged to me, and that I'd make a start when I saw the color of it.

"He rose up to his full 4 foot 8, his snickersnee clanking between his legs as he did so. He remarked that his time was too valuable to permit of his listening to the ravings of a detestable Gringo faker.

"This put knots in me that I could only untie with the aid of speech. I told him, for his information, that he was eighteen pounds lighter than one sheet of Chinese silk paper; that the Government he was drawing wages from was a joke that often caused me to laugh right out loud in my sleep; that the soldiers of the command he was supposed to be the paymaster of reminded me of certain fauna that infest not well cared for couches; that he himself was funny enough to make an Angora roll down a mountain with laughter and that for two copper cents American I'd kick him so full of buttonholes that there wouldn't be anything left for the gilt junk of his tunic to hang upon.

"That's how I got into the Acapulco fortress dungeon. I lived on tepid water and bum tortillas for a week in the dungeon, charged with attempting to slaughter an officer of the Mexican army, and then I slipped a gilt filmuth to one of the guards and he got word to the American Consul. The Consul got me out inside of twenty-four hours.

When I reached the lot where my plant was I found my mule absent. Somebody in Acapulco was taking care of him. But I couldn't find out who that somebody was, and I didn't see the mule any more. I took the whizzer apart and packed 'er up and went to La Libertad, Salvador, on the next down steamer.

"I set up the spinner back of the American steamship office, got a jennet for fifty American and was ready for civilian business—I didn't want any more soldiery, although there were plenty of them there, Antonio Ezeta being engaged in one of his quarterly revolutings at the time.

"I was picking up just about enough to pay expenses, when, one forenoon, about an hour before the siesta, a fat duenna accompanied by four fat young women waddled over for a ride. The whirler hadn't more than got under way before the side that the five fat women were on suddenly let down. The feet of one of the girls folded under her and her ankle was slightly sprained.

"She let out a squawk that could have been heard away up in the foothills, and then the rest of 'em began to shriek all together. Two little tads of civil police, with swords, came running out of the back door of the steamship office, and when they saw the fat girl with the sprained ankle lying on the ground and hollering with all her might, it was all off with me.

"They got on either side of me with their pig stickers held within about an inch of my ribs, and there I was, pinched again. The fat girls were the daughters of the Commandante of the Governmental forces, and 'In the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity'—that's the way the accusation read at the top of it—I was charged with trying to kill them all for the purpose of rendering aid and comfort to the revolutera.

"They had me in the second floor of the warehouse that served as a prison for military and civil offenders for four days, when the American Consul squared it some way or another for me, and I was turned loose upon the payment of twenty American fine and damages. They only gave me time to take down the whirler and pack 'er up for the waiting steamer, and then they escorted me down to the dock and put me on board.

"I didn't want any of the Isthmus when I got there, for the yellow jack was around, and so I went down to Buena Ventura, in the United States of Colombia, and set up there with a burro from off the pack trails—I got him for fifteen bones, gold—that could outpull a Clydesdale.

"I had to pay a license of forty, Colombian—that was before the Colombian depreciation, and their junk was as good as Mexican, nearly—for the privilege of setting up in the Plaza, and I was getting by pretty well, and put something by for the next jump, when I ran up against the graft thing. A tall, skinny man in the uniform of a civil officer dropped around one evening and smoked a lot of corn shuck cigarettes, while he watched me goad the burro and take in the silver chicken feed.

"When I was about to close up for the night he strolled over to me, and remarked that I appeared to be doing right well, eh? Then he staked me to a couple of sly digs in the ribs and remarked that of course I'd be wanting to go right on doing business in Buena Ventura, eh? Did I perceive? Well, he was of the municipal department. The matter might be arranged. But it would have to be arranged at once. Right then, in fact. Eh?

"'Well,' I said to the skinny man, with the corn shuck cigarette habit, 'I ain't much more than getting by, but I'm no hog if the figure's anywhere near right. Let's have it straight. What's the haul-down of the municipal department going to come to?'

"One-half the receipts, he remarked, he thought would appease the municipal department for the injury which had been inflicted upon the Plaza by the more or less of a nuisance of a merry-go-round.

"I took the whirler apart that very night, and had 'er cased up for shipping before morning. I'd ha' lost money with a declare-in of half, and I couldn't see it.

"I made the long jump from Buena Ventura to Callao then. When I got to Callao, I found that a greaser merry-go-round man was there ahead of me. Moreover, the municipal department told me that I'd have to set up right alongside of him or not at all in Callao.

"I took the alternative of going into competition with the greaser, for his whizzer was a dilapidated old contraption that could only make about ten revolutions a minute without falling apart, and I'd tinkered my spinner up until it was pretty good again. I figured that I could nail the business on the strength of running a superior machine, and I was right.

"I got a scrub Andes pony for twenty gold, and I had the greaser skinned from the minute that I began to whirl. They all fell for my faster-flying machine, and for a week or so I was scooping in the silver almost as fast as if I'd been in the States, while the greaser's wheezer was neglected.

"Then, one morning when I got down to where my plant was anchored I found my Andes pony lying on his side, as dead as a salted dogfish. I looked over to where the greaser was standing, rolling a cigarette and looking disinterested.

"I didn't say anything to him, but got another pony and did another day's business. That pony, too, was very dead when I got around the next morning. My greaser colleague was rolling another cigarette, over by his whizzer, and from the movement of his lips appeared to be mumbling his matins.

"'I think,' says I to myself then, 'that the Orpheum and the Bella Union and such odds and ends of places of call and entertainment up in San Francisco ought to look pretty good about now.' I sold out to my greaser colleague. I had no means of knowing how many ponies of mine he might poison if I didn't sell out to him, and I considered it good business to let him have the layout for a little more than the price of the ride up the coast to San Francisco. He assured me of his eternal love and esteem when he handed me the money, and would have saluted me on both cheeks if I hadn't backed away.

"Oh, the States are pretty good, son. Take it from me. It's a fine and a noble thing to live in a land where you can get hunk when somebody tries to break it off in you. And if you think there's any other land in the world where you can do that except in the States, why, just go a-traveling some, that's all."

Secretary of State Root's Summer Home

ELIHU ROOT'S SUMMER RESIDENCE! CLINTON N.Y.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 12.—Ten miles out of Utica, lying peacefully in the valley of the Oriskany, is the little village of Clinton, the home of Hamilton College, with which Secretary of State Root's family has long been associated. It is here that Mr. Root has his summer home.

One of the most beautiful summer homes in this part of the State is the one occupied by Secretary Root. It is situated almost at the top of College Hill and next to the residence of his brother, Prof. Oren Root. The house is not a new one, but during the five or six years that Mr. Root has owned it extensive improvements have been made.

Of late Mr. Root has bought up much property on the hill, and largely out of sentiment, for the price he pays is out of proportion to the value. The Harding farm, a late acquisition, was much admired by his parents. Especially admired by his father, Prof. Oren Root, was a splendid elm tree, and often he expressed the hope that its life might be spared. Only time and the elements can disturb it now that Secretary Root is its owner.

The house adjoining the homestead Mr. Root secured because of the pleasant associations centered there. He has gathered in one room the portraits of its former residents, including Simeon North and Prof. Upson, his former teachers. This dwelling now constitutes the Secretary's summer home.

Mr. Root's home overlooks the campus of Hamilton College.

SOME HOBBIES OF THE LOWLY

WAITER WHO WAS A COLLECTOR OF BUTTERFLIES.

Pullman Conductor an Artist—One Bartender a Dog Trainer, Another a Student of Literature—Oysterman a Scientific Navigator—Other Hobbies.

"Stumbled on a queer freak this morning," said one of the group on the hotel piazza. "What do you think of a waiter who has a fad for collecting butterflies?"

"Always thought that collecting tips was a waiter's limit," said some one else.

"So did I," responded the first man, "till to-day, when I found the waiter who's been bringing me my breakfast cantering about on the hills back here armed with a net and a bottle of chloroform and a paper of pins.

"Confessed to having collected butterflies for years. He said he took summer hotel jobs so he could chase 'em when he wasn't on watch.

"There was no joke about his knowledge of 'em, either. He knew the Latin names and pedigrees of the whole boxful of specimens he had with him."

"That sort of thing isn't so uncommon as you seem to think," remarked a man who observes things. "I get a deal of enjoyment out of a study of the hobbies of the humble.

"For instance, the Pullman conductor of one of the trains running here is clever enough at sketching to earn his living by it. When it was suggested that he might live more pleasantly and more profitably by sketching than by taking up sleeping car tickets, he said that once when out of a job he had earned enough to live on by the sale of his sketches.

"Yet he went back to conducting the first chance he got. Sketching was a pastime for him, and he couldn't seem to grasp the idea that it might be a real work.

"Bartenders frequently have surprising hobbies. One man who for many years mixed drinks at a big Broadway hotel put in his spare time training dogs. I have been told that he was one of the most successful dog trainers in the country and that a visit to his home was like a trip to the circus. Probably this man could have drawn a big salary with a circus or in vaudeville, but he preferred to compound martinis and mint juleps for a living.

"Another bartender had an acquaintance with English literature that I rarely have seen equaled. He was well known in the days when Madison Square was the center of New York life. If you were surprised to find your waiter catching butterflies you would have been more surprised to find this bartender reading Herbert Spencer.

"To the works of such writers he devoted his leisure moments at the quiet little cafe of an apartment hotel. Personally, I have never felt my own ignorance as keenly as when in this man's presence.

"He had all the standard works of history and philosophy, fiction and the drama at the tip of his tongue, and he understood and appreciated what he read. It was not only a pleasure but an education to converse with him. Except an inborn desire to improve his mind, he had no incentive to gain this knowledge.

"His schooling had been limited to a brief primary groundwork, and how he came to delve into the classics I never found out. No pecuniary profit attached to it, of course, but he was paid, I fancy, for a weekly letter of gossip and comment that he contributed to a newspaper in one of the larger Western cities.

"There was a Long Island oysterman who had never sailed on anything larger than an oyster scow, but whose hobby was the science of navigation. He was wretchedly poor and had a large family, but somehow he had managed to gather quite a library of books on seamanship, charts and so on.

"He could talk glibly of the currents in the Indian Ocean and considered himself capable of navigating a battleship or a 'round-the-Horn clipper. It was pathetic in a way, this pursuit of a knowledge that could never be of value to him.

"Often at night as I passed the tumble-down shack that housed him and his brood of twelve I have seen the old man bent over a table spread with books and charts, no doubt taking the South Pacific squadron on a cruise to the Straits of Magellan.

"Applicants for positions on the police force aren't questioned as to their knowledge of astronomy, but if they were a policeman whose post when I knew him was in The Bronx could have answered anything in that line an examining board might have asked. I used to meet him on my way home, and as his beat lay my way we would walk some blocks together.

"On starry nights he would unfold the story of the heavens with an enthusiasm possible only in one who loved his subject. He had been a miner in Alaska in the days before the Klondike rush, and he was full of stories of the wonderful nights near the Arctic Circle, when the stars shone in all their glory and seemed so near one could almost touch them.

"Over on the East Side there is a shoemaker who has Bible study for a hobby. He has a large annotated Bible of his own making. The pages are pasted on large sheets of paper and the annotations are made in the margin.

"The walls of his shop are hung with large placards on which the shoemaker has printed his favorite texts and comments upon them. The texts are mostly warnings of eternal damnation, and to encounter them suddenly is somewhat of a shock. He is a pleasant old fellow with no thoughts except for his last and his Bible.

"At a picture exhibition one day I found an old Irishwoman who took care of my rooms for me. It was a famous collection that was on exhibition and my scrubwoman viewed it with a critical eye and expressed doubts of the genuineness of certain reputed old masters. She couldn't afford an original, but had gathered quite an array of prints of worthy pictures.

"I remember also a grocery clerk who studied Shakespeare and would recite from him to any one whom he could corner as an audience; a stage carpenter who carved marvelous beds and houses and animals out of peach pits and who liked ice cream soda instead of beer and chocolate creams instead of chewing tobacco, and a Pike county, Pa., farmer who had never been within a hundred miles of New York, but who was a bureau of information regarding the city, so closely had he studied maps and guides to the metropolis."

Doings in Pleasant Lane.

From the Richmond (Va.) Journal.

Jack Johnson's yallow dog chewed up one of Gabe Tyler's boys' white capes the other day, and now the dog has a canvas back.

The cottages are all filled and the summer season is at its height. Each morning games are engaged in, such as duck-on-de-vy, prisoner's base, ring-around-rosy, hop scotch and poker, with an occasional game of penockle. The afternoons are spent in discussing each other's clothes, talking about the neighbors and sleeping, and at night the the games are started over again. The summer season is a great thing for Pleasant Lane. Thompson, the florist of Weethampton, is thinking of moving here to start a flower garden. We hope he will, for we are all fond of the beautiful.

Gabe Tyler left this week for somewhere in the country. He loves to wander among the daisies and bells in the wildwood. Mr. Boyle is going to whitewash the new window blinds during his absence.

Thousands Spent by Managers to Make Songs Succeed.

There is so much uncertainty about the merits of a song before it has been tried that managers sometimes spend thousands of dollars in an attempt to make it a go, not by means of its own qualities, but by external elements.

"A catching melody," said a man who expects to prepare half a dozen musical shows before Christmas, "will do more to make a musical piece go than all the incidental business and show girls in creation.

"'Belinda,' for instance, would have needed only one voice to make it a sensational success, although it was undeniably improved by pretty girls, maneuvers and fine costumes. The sextet of 'Floradora' would have made as great a hit if only two people had sung it.

"There was real melody in those two tunes and the vital element of success. Pretty girls in pretty clothes performing graceful evolutions were, of course, an addition to the songs, but they could never have been downed if they had been given in a way that let the audience hear them.

"But all the song writers don't do their work so well as these two did, and the managers have to pay not only for the privilege of bringing out songs, but also for the costumes and the wages of the chorus girls that sing them. Formerly if eight or ten girls came out and went through a few graceful movements while singing the chorus the audience was satisfied. Now five times as many are necessary.

"The reason for this increase came with the greater elaborateness of production and from the failure of the song writer to deliver the goods often enough.

"'That song won't go with ten girls,' the stage managers reasoned. 'Then we will try it with forty.'

"Take the process now. When a song is accepted for a musical production it is handed to the stage manager. He takes it home and thinks about it hard.

"The music may sound all right to him. He has seen so many unexpected successes and failures that he doesn't pay any attention to the melody. He merely tries to think out all the incidental business he can.

"So he sends in for the first chorus, a troupe of girls dressed as Indians. Then he will put in sixteen more dressed as sailors, and so on.

"There is scarcely an extravaganza nowadays that does not have three big songs at least. And the general public sitting in front has no idea what the effort to make these songs successful costs the managers and how often all their investment is wasted.

"I will give you an example of what it costs sometimes to make a song composer seem as clever as he thinks he is. I put on a big spectacular production last week with four of these big songs with ever incidental aid that I could think of.

"We had for those four songs forty-eight girls who could do little else in the show, as they were required to make eight changes of costume as it was. Their salaries added $960 to the expenses.

"For the four songs I made only four changes. I sent on each lot in four sets of costumes, sixteen at a time. The first bunch had to appear for the fourth chorus and thus had two changes. It was arranged that each one of the sets of sixteen had this double change in one of the four songs.

"The number of costumes needed for each change was sixty-four. Each of them cost not a cent less than $100. That made the dresses for every song $6,400. The four brought up the cost of dressing these four songs to about $25,000.

"There have been fancy songs in the big pantomime productions that cost even more. A pansy ballet with different kinds of flowers referred to in every verse cost in a pantomine at the New Amsterdam more than $25,000.

"In view of what this all costs," the manager said as he mopped his brow and went back to put another set of young women through their stunts preparatory to starting a song that was to be a feature of a new extravaganza, "I always love to read an advertisement that 'Tuckahoe,' 'Cordelia' or some other ditty is the real success of the 'India Rubber Girl.' I happen to know how much money and work it costs to get even two recalls for that song.

"The managers do more to make successes out of song writers than their own publishers do."

NATURE STUDY FOR CITY FOLKS, OR SOME WILD BEASTS AS THEY ARE NOT COMMONLY SEEN

Gratitude a Quality of the Snapping Turtle.

Chain of Misfortunes That Drove Cousin Doolittle Back to Pennsylvania After a Life of Ease Over Toward Pochuck.

CHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 12.—"Cousin Doolittle has gone back to Pennsylvany," said the man who in insisting that he comes from over toward Pochuck is not abashed by any doubts, either implied or expressed. "He's gone, Cousin Doolittle has, and I'm mortal 'feard he won't come back no more. I'd 'a' had him come over here to stay a spell, only I was afeard mebbe you'd have snappin' tortle soup, and that 'd pained Cousin Doolittle ag'in, and sot him in the dumps."

The landlord didn't say whether there might have been a chance of his having snapping turtle soup or not if Cousin Doolittle had come over, and presently the man whose fealty to the allegation of his domicile is unswerving resumed.

"Yes," said he. "It was snappin' tortle soup that druv Cousin Doolittle back to Pennsylvany.

"He'd been sort o' visitin' Uncle David Beckendarter and Aunt Sally sence last spring, and when corn plantin' time come along he was took bad with the roomytiz and he couldn't help none with the plantin', much as he wanted to. When he was sufferin' with it the wust way he did manage to git to the county seat, twenty mile, to go to the circus, sayin' that mebbe it mowt do him a power o' good, but it didn't, and he never seemed to rally and git around no way ablebodied at all, not till the corn was all in.

"Then, when hayin' come along, poor feller, he was took the helplessest kind with lumbago in the back, and he couldn't git even as fur as the medder back o' the house, and he actu'lly shed tears, he felt so bad 'cause he couldn't help git in the crop—and yit Uncle David didn't seem to have no sympathy for him at all, and Aunt Sally, from all I could jedge, was a leetle peppery to'ards him, too.

"I never did see misfortune foller any mortal man the way it follered Cousin Doolittle. We got in the last of our hay and he was beginnin' to feel a good deal better of the lumbago, and said he was so glad 'cause now he could pitch in and help with cuttin' the rye, when the first day o' harvest he was took outrageous with the fever and agur and couldn't git to the kitchen door, he shook so.

"But Aunt Sally was unpityin' enough to say that it was a good thing for him that our rye crop was short this year, 'cause now he wouldn't have to shake and shiver not more than three days. If it had been a good season, she said, the agur would 'a' lasted him more than a week. But, poor feller, he never said a word back.

"The day the last o' the rye was in Cousin Doolittle come to dinner, and Uncle David asked him if he'd have some o' the snappin' tortle soup. I thought Cousin Doolittle 'd fall out o' his chair.

"'Snappin' tortle soup!' he says. 'Why, I'd as soon eat a piece o' my brother as to eat snappin' tortle!' says he.

"And before Uncle David or Aunt Sally could git time to flare up and say somethin' hotter yit than that snapper soup was Cousin Doolittle went on and says:

"'Jest you listen a minute,' he says, 'and then I guess you won't expect me to eat snappin' tortle, neither in soup nor anyways else! One time up in Pennsylvany some one ketched a tremendous big snappin' tortle and they put it in a barrel at the tavern to fatten and git in shape for soup, when they was goin' to have a big layout.

"'Now, I had different idees about natur' and natur's creeturs, and one day I fished that tortle out o' the barrel and carried it over to the creek and let it go. It stopped a second or so on the shore and took a long look at me, and I says to myself that I guessed that tortle 'd know me the next time it see me.

"'And did it know me the next time it see me?' says Cousin Doolittle. 'Jest listen, and you'll see whether it did or not.

"'One day, a month from that time, I was goin' up the creek, on my way to set a bear trap, when what should jump out o' the brush and pitch into me but an all-swattin' big bear. That bear,' says Cousin Doolittle, 'proceeded to shake me out o' my boots and breeches, and he was so dead sot on to it that he'd 'a' done it, too, and it'd been all up with Doolittle Pergenkamper if I hadn't tore loose and plunged into the creek and pulled out for t'other shore, the creek bein' a rampagin' flood, owin' to a week's rain.

"'But takin' to the creek wouldn't 'a' saved me if somethin' else hadn't happened, for that bear plunged in, too, and it follered me so close and so fast that when I got to t'other shore and was pullin' myself out on the bank the bear was right onto me.

"'It grabbed both o' my legs and went to chawin' me and yankin' me back into the ragin' flood. I shet my eyes and said good-by to everybody, for I couldn't see no good reason why the time o' Doolittle Pergenkamper hadn't come.

"'Suddenly, though, the bear give a howl that almost druv me deef,' says Cousin Doolittle, 'and at the same time it let go o' my legs and tumbled back into the water, I drug myself out on to the bank and looked back.

"'There was the bear howlin' and sputterin' and splashin' in the water, and tryin' its best to get away from somethin' or other that was drowndin' in it as sure as that tide was rollin'. And drownd that bear it did. And the water whirled the bear's carcass back into an eddy that lay jest below where I was sittin'.

"'And then what did I see?' says Cousin Doolittle. 'I see a tremendous big snappin' tortle come crawlin' up out o' the water from that dead bear. I reco'nized it in a minute as the one I had saved from bein' soup, and it had see me bein' chased by that bear, knowed me and jest blocked the bear's little game by grabbin' it by the hind feet and holdin' it there till it drowned the bear and saved Doolittle Pergenkamper!

"'And you expect me to eat snappin' tortle soup?' says Cousin Doolittle. 'Uncle David,' says he, 'how could you?'

"'I couldn't,' says Uncle David. 'But I know what I'd 'a' done if I'd been along that creek,' says he. And Cousin Doolittle says what would he 'a' done?

"'I'd 'a' yanked that snappin' tortle off o' that bear as it had you by the legs,' says he, 'and I'd 'a' let the bear proceed with its chawin'!' says he.

"Cousin Doolittle, poor unfortunate feller, could stand the roomytiz and the lumbago in the back and the fever and agur, but he couldn't stand that, and so he's gone back to Pennsylvany, and I'm afeard he won't come to see Uncle David and Aunt Sally no more.

"And to show you how much I think o' Cousin Doolittle, and knowin' what snappin' tortles done for him, I won't be able to ever eat snappin' tortle soup ag'in, though there ain't nothin' that was ever stewed or b'iled or baked or fried that sets half as good on me as snappin' tortle soup."

But when the landlord said that was too bad, because they were going to have snappin' turtle soup for dinner at the tavern to-day, and he was going to ask the Pochuck narrator to stay and dine with him, the Pochuck man appeared despondent, and got up by and by and went away, saying something about Cousin Doolittle not being the only feller that misfortune was on the trail of, not by a jugful.

England in the Time of Elizabeth.

From the London Spectator.

In the England of Elizabeth traces of the Middle Ages lingered everywhere. Only fifty years before the date of Shakespeare's marriage an Italian occupied the see of Worcester. "Reliques, beads, indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls," were hardly yet "the sport of winds"; Vicars-General meted out punishments for "sowing discord betwixt neighbors, working on festival days, playing 'foteball' in prayer time, and playing the fiddle on Low Sunday"; and a man might be excommunicated for marrying in Advent.

Bicycling 'n Bugdom.

Said Willie Bugg, "I never thought
I'd ride a bike, you know;
But what I cannot understand
Is how to make it go."

Modesty of the Soft Shell Clam.

An Interview With a Prominent Citizen of the Shrewsbury, With a Conclusion Satisfying to the Interviewer.

Considering that the clam, while the oyster is on his vacation, is not only in the public eye, but also in everybody's mouth, the woman decided that it would be the proper and timely thing to do to interview him.

Frightened at the thought of approaching the haughty Little Neck clam, surrounded as he is by the show of expensive tablecloths, the hum of stringed instruments, the perfume of flowers and the supercilliousness of waiters, she hied her to the home of the Poet and the soft shell clam on the Shrewsbury River.

There with the help of a hoe she gained access to the soft shell clam. Together then they sat on the sand, she and the Poet and the clam. She felt a confidence unusual in an interviewer. There were no doors through which their victim might escape, no office boys to protect him. She had him fast in her hand.

The woman tried to think up an appropriate question and hold on to the interviewed one at the same time. At last one came to her.

"Have you ever seen a clam chowder?" she asked.

She was struck with amazement at the effect of this question. With a wildly reproachful glance in her direction the clam shut right up.

"You should be exceedingly careful," advised the Poet—the Poet was full of advice, "what questions you begin with. Don't make them too personal. He is either hurt by your remark or he is afraid that some day he might be in a position to gaze upon a chowder. You'd better go slow."

The woman heaved a sigh.

"I am sorry I tried to interview him," she said. "He is so sensitive. I wish now I had interviewed a hard shell crab instead."

She waited a while. At length the clam poked out his head and once more took a look at her.

"Thank you very much for that," smiled the woman. Then in the effort to smooth over her offense she began in this wise: "I knew that some city clams might have passed through the kitchen while the chowder was being made, but I should have realized that you couldn't have heard of one down here in the country."

The clam smiled back at her. He reached his neck a little further out. He spoke.

"There are so many more interesting subjects of conversation here in the country," he said vaguely. "If you must talk, I would much rather you talked of the weather and the scenery, if you please. There are plenty of those."

The woman lapsed into silence, wondering at the smallness of his voice and if it was so small because it had to come so far up through his rubber neck.

"You must have been somewhere near a stew, though, haven't you?" she asked presently. "That is, at some time in your life?"

Here strong convulsions spoke of a second retirement.

"I think it would perhaps be better," suggested the Poet, "to leave the subject of eatables out of this interview. You might realize that he would be touchy on the subject."

"You are quite right," returned the woman, meekly, "and I suppose, too, it would hardly be worth while to say anything about fritters. He wouldn't care to fritter his time away answering, would he? And it's a pretty warm day, too, to dwell upon fries. Isn't it? He doesn't seem to be particularly clamorous anyway," she added mournfully, "when it comes right down to being interviewed."

"You must remember," remarked the Poet, "that he didn't seek the interview. You had to dig him up, you know."

"You have to dig most of them up," the woman informed him, "but they get chirpy enough after they are dug up. First they pretend they don't want publicity, then they end by hauling out life sized portraits of themselves to go with it."

She was interrupted by the clam, who began to rubber again.

"If you please," said he, "I would much rather not be interviewed to-day. Some other day maybe. This," hurriedly, "is my busy day."

The woman sent a serene smile in the direction of the Poet.

"Fancy his talking like that," she said, "when I've got him in my hand!"

"I'd a good deal rather not have any attention attracted to me," the clam hastened to aver. "Let me be," he implored.

"I think I know why," explained the Poet. "He's afraid if he gets the reputation of the Little Neck clam they'll all want to eat him. He is comparatively little known now and consequently not so much eaten."

"There does seem to be considerable method in his madness," said the woman, "but after traveling down here especially for this interview, I really must ask him a question or two at least."

"If you had only left me in my little bed," wailed the muffled voice from the rubber neck. "If you hadn't disturbed me! I might have been happy. I'd much rather not be interviewed, if you please. I have no desire at all for notoriety. I like it here on the Jersey coast. The mosquitoes are pretty penetrating, true, but my shell is thick. This suits me down to the ground and under. I'd rather live humbly here on the Jersey coast, mosquitoes and all," he reiterated sadly, "than be served in New York."

And with that he shut up his shell so tight the woman couldn't get it open, though she tried with all her might and main.

"It's a good deal for a clam to say in a bunch," she said, "but it isn't half enough. It won't make more than three fingers," and she angrily squeezed his shell to get him to utter a word or two more.

"You see," said the Poet, "there are some people who are in earnest when they declare they don't want to be interviewed."

The woman pried at the shell. At last the clam gave up and opened his shell again. The woman gazed upon him. He gazed back at her sadly without saying a word.

"I see your finish," she sternly informed him. "Now that I've got an interview with you—such as it is—I am going to eat you."

She gleefully sprinkled pepper and salt on him.

"This is the first time in my life," she said, "that I have had a chance to get even with the interviewed. I have often felt like devouring them, but they always got away. But now! But now!" and she laughed again in a cannibalistic way as she spread on a final sprinkle of salt and swallowed him down.

In its conclusion at least the interview was satisfactory.

OPEN AIR DINNERS MODISH AT THIS SEASON.

The Tourist—Can you tell me where there is a restaurant around here?
The Lion—I am sorry to say, no. You see, we always dine in the open.

SEESAW IN THE JUNGLE.